(No. XIII.)

THE PASTIME.

Schenectady, Saturday, June 20, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

INDIAN MYTHOLOGY.

[The following will be found at once interesting, curious, and legitimate. It was communicated to the Editor by a gentleman revered for his piety, and distinguished by his love of polite literature, learning, and research. The narration was given by the Pagan Indians at Oneida, in a public conference with the Rev. Mr. CROSBY, a Missionary from the Northern Missionary Society, and it comprises their account of the formation of this world, the origin of their GOD, the transactions of his life, and his ascention to Heaven. From the manuscript journal of that divine it is transcribed.]

There was an ill natured man in Heaven, who wished to be rid of his wife. He feigned himself sick, and cried for a certain tree to be pulled up by the roots. They pulled up the tree, and he sat by the place from whence the tree was taken, and called his wife to sit by him. When she was seated, he pushed her into the cavity, and the ground was so thin, that she fell through. It was all water below, and the inhabitants of the deep looking upwards, espied an object coming down from above, concluded it was a human being, and that it would perish if they could not provide a seat for it; therefore they proposed to try, who could support it. The trial was made by a number of animals climbing upon the back of another, and the one that could bear them above the surface, was to receive the visitant. The mink, the otter, and the beaver, presented themselves for the trial, but they all sunk. At length, the tortoise spread itself on the water, the other animals crawled upon him, and the greater the weight was, the higher it raised above the surface; so it was chosen to receive the approaching guest. The next consultation was, how should it subsist? for there was nothing but water around them. They determined, that some one should dive, and fetch earth from the bottom. One after another, attempted, but came up dead. At last, the mink reached the bottom, and came up with some earth in its mouth, which they spread upon the tortoies' back, and it began immediately to extend in every direction; and they placed the tortoise directly beneath the descending object, so that it landed on the earth which was growing on the creature's back. The stranger abode there; and being pregnant when she descended, in a short time she brought forth *a daughter*. The earth grew, and was productive. The red willows, by the water's side, were

the first bushes that sprung forth. When the daughter was marriagable, as she was walking abroad, she met a man, who proposed to marry her. She told him she must ask her mother, for she came from Heaven. Upon the information given the mother, she inquired how he appeared. The daughter described a certain mark; but the mother forbade marriage. Ere long, another made the same proposal; of this she informed her mother, who inquired how he was dressed. She told her his garment was like the rose blanket. She consented to the marriage, the time was appointed for him to visit her, and the young woman sat in the house. At evening the young man came in with his bow, and his pouch of arrows by his side, and sat down by her. He then took two arrows from his pouch, the one pointed with a flint stone, the other pure wood. He laid the arrows together; the point of the one to the head of the other, and placed them upon the young woman from her chin downwards. After sitting a while, he took the arrows, put them into his pouch, and departed. Soon after the mother of the young woman discovered an alteration in her daughter's condition: and when the time drew nigh, she heard the children talking, for she had conceived twins. The one said, "I will come forth under the arm;" "No," said the other, "for that will kill our mother; I will come the natural way." So the one was born according to nature; but the other, persisting, struggled till he broke forth under the arm, and killed the mother. The boys then came to her, and their strength was such, that they cut the body into two parts. The upper part they threw towards the east, and it became the *Sun;* the lower part, towards the west, and it became the *Moon*. The grandmother was so provoked at the violence done to the daughter, that she threw them both into the water; but the father supported them; and when they were grown to the age of hunters, he told them to go to their grandmother, for she would be glad to see them. The one who forced his birth under the mother's arm, was of an evil disposition, and was named *Adawiskar*, which signifies the *flint stone;* the other delighted to do good, and was called *Tsharoughyawagough*, the *supporter of the skies*. By their father's direction, they went to the grandmother. The evil one entered the house first, and said, "My brother killed our mother;" but the well inclined one said, "No, it was he that killed her;" but the grandmother believed him who reported evil of his brother, received him to her favour, and rejected the other; for evil was her delight.

Adawiskar was the enemy of his brother, Tsharoughyawagough. He shut up the deer, so that his brother might find none: he cut the rivers asunder, made part of the water run one way, and part the other: he made the falls, the ledges at the sides of the rivers, and the impassable mountains: he formed the voracious beasts of the wood, and disordered the whole course of nature; and his

grandmother countenanced all his wickedness. Adawiskar would hunt when his grandmother and himself wanted venison ; but his brother lived in indigence—destitute of every comfort of life. At length his father came to him, and bade him kill his wicked brother. He told him to go a hunting with him. They went together: but *Tsharoughyawagough* being unacquainted with hunting, asked his brother where he shot the deer? He said in the gambrel. As he went along, he heard a repeated voice, *Tsharoughyawagough!* which he thought was his brother's ; but looking about, he saw a deer, at which he shot, and hit the gambrel ; which made a mark that ever since appears on the deer's gambrel ; but the deer ran away. The brothers soon after met again in the woods ; and Tsharoughyawagough asked his brother what he feared most? He said, the hard stone and a horn ; then the other asked him what he was most afraid of? He said the flag, and the shrub beach. Then they agreed that *Tsharoughyawagough* should build a house, and *Adawiskar* go a hunting As his design was to kill his brother, he made the house very narrow, and made a large fire ; and when *Adawiskar* came from hunting, he sat down by the fire, and by the increasing heat, his body soon began to snap, and fly in pieces, and made the flints which we use. *Adawiskar* was angry with his brother for making the house so narrow that he could not move from the fire, and attempted to kill him, first with the flag, then with the shrub beach ; then *Tsharoughyawagough* took the horn, and killed *Adawiskar*. After this he made the rivers run in their natural course, let out the deer, and restored the order which his brother had deranged. He then ascended into Heaven ; and from clouds he sometimes speaks to Indians, charges them to forsake their wicked practices ; such as excessive drinking, theft, lying, stealing, cheating, adultery, and destroying their children before the birth. He commands them to offer dog-sacrifices, after the manner of their forefathers, and threatens those who refuse to hearken to his voice, with some dreadful judgment. Wherefore, we worship according to his law.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF DERMODY.

(Continued.)

About this time he wrote several poems and prose essays which discover much acuteness of observation, and correctness of criticism ; among the former was a mock heroic poem, replete with sarcastic humour, entitled the Battle of the Bards, occasioned by the well known conflict which took place in Mr. Wright's the book-seller's shop, between Mr. Gifford & Peter Pindar.

But his project of reform was, unfortunately, adopted too late ; his constitution had been already too much impaired by his irregularities, to resist the slow, but certain, attacks of that disease, which insensibly ruins and destroys the principle of vitality. He was now in a more deplorable condition than he had been for a long time. His applications (for pecuniary aid) were, wherever they were made, disregarded ; and his health so much im-

paired, that a change of air was absolutely necessary for his recovery. Having lost the esteem of many who had liberally and frequently relieved his wants, and being in daily dread of further persecution from those persons whom he had so often pampered, he resolved to free himself entirely from a connection, which, at too late a period, he felt to be both degrading and destructive. To effect this desirable change, money was wanted; and he had unfortunately wearied the generosity of his warmest friends. The Earl of Moira was in Scotland—Sir James B. Burges he had highly offended, others he had neglected and slighted their advice, and the members of the literary fund had so frequently supplied his wants, that he was hopeless of receiving any further succour from them.

In this state of distress, labouring under the complicated misery of sickness, penury and neglect, rendered still more keen from the consciousness of its being merited, he was not, however, wholly forsaken. His last generous patron, Mr. Addington, though justly offended with his conduct and disregard of his friendly advice, on receiving from him an Exculpatory Poetical Address, humanely gave instructions to a book-seller to print and publish a volume of his poems, which were at this time preparing for the press. This liberality was honourable to the feelings of his patron, to whom his follies and imprudence had justly made him in some measure obnoxious; but his poverty and illness now rendered his days and nights heavy and burdensome, and it was hoped his distresses would be alleviated by the profits arising from the sale of the work.

Mr. Addington's benevolent intentions were, however, in some degree frustrated. The book-seller retained half of the profits; and the sum which Dermody received on account of the publication thus highly patronized, and *thus shared*, was scarcely sufficient to alleviate, in the smallest degree, his accumulating distresses. The principal poems in this collection are the Extravaganza, the Pleasures of Poetry, the Enthusiast, Aubert and Angela, and a legendary tale.

But, alas! the period was now fast advancing when the praise or the censure of the world could avail him nothing; his poverty and his disorder (a rapid decline) had so destroyed and reduced both his spirits and his frame, that medical aid could only be applied to relieve, not restore him. He was blind however to the alteration which his malady had made in his appearance; and fancied that the strength of his constitution, and proper nourishment, would remove his illness, and renovate his spirits. Unfortunately, his situation was at this time unknown to those liberal friends who had so often assisted him: he had withdrawn from their notice; and, conscious of his imprudence, would not apply, lest his story should be disbelieved, and his solicitations slighted. The aid afforded by the very few who were acquainted with his present melancholy condition, was not sufficient to procure the comforts his daily increasing malady required.

To alleviate the evils by which he was so heavily oppressed, he requested Mr. Raymond (the author of his life, who was ever a most stedfast friend to him) to write in his name to the Earl of Moira, Sir James Bland Burges, and his early patron, Mr. Smith, of Dublin. This was done, and in his wretched apartment he himself dictated the letters, each answer to which contains its writer's noblest panegyric.

"*To Mr. Raymond.*

"Sir, *Tunbridge Wells, 13th June*, 1802.

"On my return from Maidstone I was favoured with your letter of last Saturday. The interest which you take on behalf of the unfortunate Mr. Dermody, does infinite credit to your heart. I certainly estimate very highly his talents; and, so far as with propriety I could, I assisted him in his distresses. I am willing to draw a veil over the causes which induced me to break off my acquaintance with him; and if the annexed draft" for ten pounds, "can, in your hands, contribute to soothe his present distresses, I

shall feel some alleviation of the reflection that their issue is likely to be so fatal to a man of transcendant genius.

"I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

"J. B. BURGES."

"*To Mr. Raymond.*

"SIR, *Edinburgh, June 6th*, 1802.

"I enclose to you a bank note of ten pounds for poor Dermody; and am, sir, your obedient servant, "MOIRA."

"*To Mr. Raymond.*

"SIR, "*Merrion-Square, June 29th.*

"I am grieved at having been prevented from sooner acknowledging your letter with respect to Mr. Dermody; and thank you for the communication, however disagreeable its nature is, which you have done me the honour of making. Assure Mr. Dermody of the sincere interest which I take in what concerns him; of my sorrow at hearing that his health is infirm; and the warm and cordial wishes which I feel for his speedy and complete recovery, and success in life. Will you please to advance to him, for the present supply of his necessities, ten guineas on my account? which I shall immediately transmit, on being advised by you that you have done so. Allow me also to request that you will write me without delay, an account of Mr. Dermody's state of health, and general situation; and suggest such plans as may occur to you as the most eligible and practicable for his more permanent relief and advancement, to which I shall be very glad to contribute. Let him not despond. He has in England the patronage of my Lord Moira. Here, (on an inferior scale) I think, what between his own merit and my influence, a good deal can be done for him; enough, if he have health and prudence, to place him beyond the want of any assistance, and in some degree in the situation which his genius entitles him to hold. My father, who has seen your letter, and recollects Mr. Dermody with just esteem for his talents, will cordially join in endeavouring to contribute to his comfortable establishment.—I have ceased to be solicitor-general, and am now a baron of the exchequer. My address is Merrion-square.

"I hope soon to hear from you; and have the honour to be, sir,

"your very humble servant, "WILLIAM SMITH."

These assurances revived the broken spirits of Dermody, and for some time he appeared to have conquered his disorder. The generosity of these friends enabled him to procure necessaries, and discharge many of the debts which had caused him so much uneasiness: though he was not altogether released from the importunities of his low associates, to whom, besides sharing with them the bounty of his benefactors, he had made over his half pay for the term of three years. The letter from Sir James Bland Burges gave him much pleasure, as he had himself previously written the following to that gentleman; and by not receiving any favourable reply to his solicitations, conceived he had given cause of lasting resentment.

"*To Sir James Bland Burges, Bart.*

"SIR—Whatever may have been my past errors and your just indignation, surely this will be softened by the appeal of extreme sickness and extreme sorrow. For two months I have suffered the most racking torment from an asthmatic complaint, without medical (nay, without common) assistance. In a word, I am plunged in the deepest distress. O sir, my once great and good friend, do not suffer me to languish unnoticed, but exert yourself in my behalf! a very trifle would procure me much comfort, a trifle which by generosity could not be missed. I inclose a paragraph from the Mirror; of which I am proud, as it tells me the world still thinks me possessed of and worthy your protection.

"I am, sir, your obliged and grateful servant,

"THOMAS DERMODY.

"10, *Portpoole-lane, Gray's-inn-lane, 6th June*, 1802."

[To be continued.]

MERRIMENT.

On Wednesday of last week, between 9 and 10 A. M. a strange and irregular ringing of the bell in the steeple of the Baptist church excited alarm. As the time was unusual for public worship, and the quickness of the strokes occasionally resembled the mode practised in cases of fire, the Sexton, who was about a quarter of a mile distant, immediately repaired to the church to inquire who had assumed his office, but on his arrival found the door fast. The bell still ringing, he demanded admittance; but receiving no answer, went home, returned with the keys, and on opening the belfry, found an English jack-tar sweating at the bell-rope. On demanding the reason for such conduct, the son of Neptune replied, that his *ould* landlady had died on that morning; that it was the custom in his country to *toul* the bell on such occasions; that he was the *ouldest* boarder, having messed three voyages at Mrs. ——'s; that all his messmates were *raw hands*, and knew nothing of *dacency;* that he steered for the church, but finding the doors barred, had whacked and hailed, but nobody answered from above or below; that finding a *dead-light* open, he *boarded*—had stood to the halyards half an hour, and was glad an *officer* had come to give him a spell.—*Providence Gazette.*

FASHIONABLE TERMS EXPLAINED.

First, the SLOP, otherwise called a *hum drum*, is a mere assemblage to take tea—a sort of a quiet social doze after the fatigues of a previous *hop*. The company usually assemble at half past seven—take tea to keep awake till eight—nap it till nine, and then retire.

Second, the LET-OFF, is a grade higher than a mere *Slop*, and yet below a Hop. It is the *Hop* in an *undress*. The company meet with the expectation of a *dance;* wait for the fiddler till their patience and the tea are exhausted; and then are content to display on a Turkey carpet, to *Drops of Brandy*, most delightfully furnished by some obliging *fair one*, from a piano that has seen the tweentieth generation. Lastly comes

The HOP; being the climax of all that is brilliant and amusing—at the very name of which the eye of beauty is kindled, and every hair on the head of Fashion erects itself for joy. At the approach of this *delectabile*, the very furniture becomes locomotive.—Side-boards, sofas, and elbow-chairs travel down stairs with the rapidity of lightning, and the desolation of naked walls and floors fortels that they will soon be animated by the feet and eyes of beauty.—*Fashion's Analysis.*

LITERARY PARAGRAPHS.

SAMUEL FARRAR, A. M. has been installed Hollis Professor of Mathematicks, and Natural Philosophy, in the University of Cambridge.

Æolian Harp—What is Love?

A committee of the Senate of Massachusetts have taken the late events in *Harvard College*, under consideration.

A Narrative of Col. *Ethan Allen's* Captivity, Voyages, and Travels, has been published by Messrs. Wright, Goodenow, and Stockwell, of Troy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Pastime.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

[These lines were written by a young lady of New-York. How sweetly sits the laurel of the Muse upon the brow of beauty!]

What melting sounds are those I hear,
So gently swelling on the air?
Is it the echo of the spheres
That wakes on my enraptur'd ears?
Each gentle note such cadence brings
As if 'twere angels touch'd the strings—
Hark!—hear its warbling breath again—
How gently feeling every strain!
Ah tell me! by what magic power
You charm this sad and silent hour—
Wake each fond feeling of the breast
And lull each painful care to rest?—
Now on the face a smile appears
And then the eye bedew'd with tears—
And now with heart distracting woe,
How tremblingly the numbers flow—
Now sweetly soft is every strain—
And there,
With gently laughing air,
You chase away all thought of care.
O gentle winds! ne'er cease to blow,
Let those sweet sounds forever flow,
Which give enchantment to each scene,
And make the savage breast serene,
And soothe my sad and lonely hours
With melody's bewitching powers.

For the Pastime.

WHAT IS LOVE?

'Tis that delightsome transport that we feel
Which painters cannot paint, nor words reveal
Nor any art we know of, can conceal.

Can'st thou describe the sun-beams to the blind?
Or make him feel a shadow with his mind?
So neither can we by description show
This first of all felicities below.

When happy love pours magic o'er the soul
And all our thoughts in sweet delirium roll,
When contemplation spreads its rainbow wings
And every flutter some new rapture brings,
How sweetly then our moments glide away
And dreams prolong the transports of the day.
We live in extacy to all things kind

Ode.

For love can teach a moral to the mind.
But are there not some other marks that prove
What is this wonder of the soul call'd Love?
O yes there are! but of a different kind,
The dreadful horrors of a dismal mind;
Some jealous fury throws its poison'd dart
And rends in pieces the distracted heart.
When Love's a tyrant and the soul a slave
No hope remains to thought but in the grave.
In that dark den it sees an end to grief,
And what was once its dread becomes relief.
What are the iron charms the hands have wrought?
The hardest chain to break, is made of THOUGHT!
Think well of this, ye lovers, and be kind,
Nor play with torture, or a tortur'd mind.

[We transcribe this elegant Ode, from a late Boston paper. It was sung on the thirteenth anniversary of the *Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society*, by Mr. CAULFIELD, an eminent performer from Drury-lane Theatre, London. Trusting to the suspicion which the masterly style in which it is written has given rise to, we should attribute it to the pen of ROBERT TREAT PAINE, Esq.

When, with some demon's blasting pow'r,
Bursting on midnight's tranquil hour,
The nymphs of Fire their trains unfurl,
And round the peaceful mansion curl,
Ah, who shall paint the wild despair,
The fear that fires the brain,
As roused affection, gazing there,
Invokes in vain!

But Danger's threat'ning form is braved,
Through flames each dearer being saved—
Yet saved to mourn—for morning's ray
Shall shew where all is swept away—
Shall bid them mark, where plenty shone,
Dark ruin groaning lie,
At once from ease and comfort thrown
To penury.

But then, where deep affliction bends,
The angel CHARITY descends,
Her smile in piteous softness flows,
Her hand the aid of life bestows—
Bright as the fostering beams that sleep
On green and flowery lands,
Kind as the gentle showers that weep
On thirsty sands.

To Heav'n allied, with glory crown'd,
Shedding the light of peace around,
A guilding star, through sorrow's gloom,
A shield, from misery's burning doom,
Blest CHARITY! in praise sincere,
Fame's consecrated song,
The secret swell, the grateful tear
To thee belong.

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